

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 52 to
63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
JANUARY SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches
sent to it or not otherwise credited to this paper and also the local news published herein.

VOLUME 88.....NO. 20,615

THE FIRST HALF MILLION.

CONFIRMED critics of the War Department were given a salutary jolt yesterday when they learned that there will shortly be half a million United States troops in France, while above a million more are equipped and ready to be sent as fast as transports can take them.

Secretary of War Baker appears to have gone before the Senate Military Affairs Committee determined to give the country some of the inside facts for which it has, in true American fashion, thirsted.

The biggest of his facts are big indeed.

By his statement of the total to which the nation has raised its fighting strength on land in less than ten months since it entered the war, Secretary Baker makes much of the fault-finding sound like the barking of a two-pound dog behind a ten-ton motor truck.

Mistakes have been made, Mr. Baker admits, both in rushing equipment and in hastening work on camps that they might be available at the earliest moment.

But the War Department, he insists, has learned by its mistakes, and is entitled to be judged by the sum total of what it has done to date toward turning the most peaceful nation on earth into a formidable fighting power.

Most Americans so judge it.

The thought of these half million American fighters already close to the firing line, with twice as many more ready and waiting to go, thrills the country with a pride that takes into account the planning and effort that have made possible the result. The War Department may have fallen into minor errors. It has not failed the nation in the major task.

Who can doubt that the Imperial German Government knows as much?

Secretary Baker may be right in saying that the German General Staff has been ignorant of the exact number of American troops in France. But the Imperial German Government no longer even pretends to belittle the force it has to reckon with—and reckon with far sooner than it dreamed possible—in the impact of American armies on its battle fronts.

At the present moment there is a reported outburst of rage in Germany at the news that the Austro-Hungarian Premier has ventured to make separate peace overtures to the President of the United States.

Yet for the Prussian war lords, desperately anxious—though the bigger game is up—to save the face of militarism, Austria, which is tragically anxious for peace, might well serve as a pretext and apology for a hitherto unheard of spirit of reasonableness in Berlin.

The United States has ready an argument for such reasonableness which we may be sure the Imperial German Government has not entirely overlooked. It is probably a much stronger argument, however, than that Government has suspected.

It is an argument that can speedily be opened with the first half million troops of the U. S. A. in full action on the Western war front.

Mrs. Ellen A. O'Grady, New York's first woman Deputy Police Commissioner, begins her new job with the belief that "there is plenty for a woman to do in a great city like New York which is filled with women."

There is. And most of it can be better done by a Mrs. O'Grady with the sanity and balance of ten years' experience as a probation officer than by any round dozen of enthusiastic amateur woman-savers.

The Kaiser again commemorates with thankfulness "the great deeds of God for the German people."

To most of the world, the Kaiser's appropriation of God still stands as the most colossal piece of camouflage the Devil ever tried to put over.

Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

Wants to Hear From the Soldiers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Burly "Maid of America" must possess the parrot type of mind, to judge by her letter expressing annoyance at the just complaints of soldiers.

A "Maid in America" type of woman is possessed of so much real womanliness that she feels it her first duty to look out for the comfort of the brave soldiers who will defend her country.

Please don't spoil your paper by printing any more such stuff as the letters of "Maid of America" and the childish prattle of "A Schoolgirl."

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

Thanks to Dr. Garfield.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Our Fuel Administrator, Dr. Garfield, does not know how thankful we small candy store keepers are to him.

He gives us a chance to rest half a day on Monday, which otherwise we could not afford to take, being employed for seventeen hours a day 365 days a year. If only the order was enforced more strictly it would be beneficial.

W. K.

Soldier Praises Army Life.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Being a constant reader of your paper, I would like to voice my opinion on the medical attention received by the drafted man.

If Mr. Drafted Man would stop faking illness, by which he thinks to avoid work and drilling, he will not receive any more pills. No man in Uncle Sam's army or navy is allowed to perform his duties when ill. I say this because of my own personal experience. Another fact which should

be known is that medical officers are more kindly in army life than in civilian life. They sympathize with those who think that Uncle Sam's army is the best treated in the world.

PRIVATE CAMP DIX.

Camp Wadsworth Comforts.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In response to several letters in your paper from individuals signing themselves "Maid of America" and "A Schoolgirl," permit me to enlighten them regarding the army, from an enlisted man's point of view.

New York folks are well aware of the conditions existing at Camp Wadsworth, especially in the hospitals, inasmuch as the New York papers have remarked the poor efficiency with which they have been run.

Furthermore, we have been sleeping under canvas through numberless storms and until quite recently have had few blankets, these being of very inferior quality. Until Jan. 24 we never had wooden floors and have been compelled to sleep with our coats upon in damp ground.

When taken sick we are compelled to report to a field hospital, where we usually receive two pills and are marked for duty. Kindly, then, advise us how we are to recover. At this writing we have no wood, nor any means by which to keep warm.

Here are a few ways by which one may and "camouflage," which is only the old time "hot air."

The husband who pretends to be furious because his wife was so slow in letting him in the house that she forgets to tell him for being out late.

When a man tells a woman he understands her perfectly.

When a strange saleslady calls you "dear," while waiting on you.

The stalling piece that deceases the

portion and increases the price on the idea of patriotism.

When a wife buys her husband a lovely sofa cushion for his birthday.

When a stranger tells you how much he is respected in his own home town.

The new shining crepe shirtwaiste.

The youthful old lady who hasn't a gray hair in her head.

The lounge lizard who prates about what a grand family he came from.

The small boy who brings home a playmate to help square things.

The individual who congratulates you on what a fine man your grandfather was and wants to borrow five dollars.

The middle aged chap who goes to the circus just to amuse the neighbor's little boy.

The city uplifter who goes to the farmer's wife to tell her how to can fruit.

The landlord who tells his shivering tenants how long and hard he has tried to get coal.

The chum who invites newspaper reporters to her "exclusive" pink teas.

The woman who writes applications to serve near the trenches while she is having her breakfast in bed.

The salesman who invites you to dinner because he is "so lonely" and charges it to his firm, from whom you are to buy.

The "philistine" in the church who loudly prays for sinners, having yesterday quietly foreclosed the mortgage on the home of the widow and her children.

When hubby tells his wife he has a very important meeting at the lodge of must sit up with a sick friend.

The fellow in the party who is very busy telling a story when the waiter presents the bill.

The man who is always "in a conference" when you telephone.

He who signs a letter "dictated, but not read."

Many a knitting bag carried in public.

The politician who tells newly enfranchised women that his party secured the vote for them.

Public officers sitting in sky-scrapers and telling how they are reducing the cost of living.

The storekeeper who tells you that the thing he is looking for is not being "used this year."

All parasites.

On the Trolley.

THE big man

Got up

And gave his seat

To a lady.

"Look at

"The size of him!"

Said the crowd.

"Such a

Big fellow

Isn't got

No business

Ridin'

On a trolley!"

Evening World Daily Magazine

America's Bluff

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



What Is Camouflage?

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

"ISUPPOSE that is what you call 'camouflage,'" said a friend of mine the other day. She was telling about a woman who had just left her neighborhood. It seems the newcomer had arrived in their midst from "some where in the West."

The exact location was somewhat vague as "they all look back on it."

She made a nice appearance, dressed very beautifully, and hired the most expensive furnished house in the vicinity. There was a husband too, who was "a very busy man" and who was "off on a trip" for a considerable part of the time.

The woman made herself very agreeable and was "asked" everywhere. In a word, she was a stranger and they took her in. And now they are all comparing notes and figuring up.

Several of the men had gone in with the husband "on a quiet little deal" that looked so good. Some had even gone so far as to trust him with money to buy bonds which never were delivered.

But that is not all. The woman had borrowed a considerable sum of money from several of the ladies on the statement "that John was so careless." He had gone off on a trip and had forgotten to put a check to her credit. "Oh, dear, would you mind?"

And now they are both gone. The furnished house is vacant, the maid hasn't been paid for months, &c.

Yes, it is camouflage, my dear. But it has been going on since the world began. It is only a seemingly new word with a very old meaning. And there are many "camouflages" engaged in the practice. Sometimes it is very lucrative. That is it pays for a time. Eventually it is detected.

Yet you can recognize it if you will only look for it. In the old days a "camouflet" was a small mine for blowing in the side of a gallery and suffocating or cutting off miners, &c.—also called a "stiffer." That's it, stifles the real thing which is hidden by the smoke raised.

Here are a few ways by which one may and "camouflage," which is only the old time "hot air!"

The husband who pretends to be furious because his wife was so slow in letting him in the house that she forgets to tell him for being out late.

When a man tells a woman he understands her perfectly.

When a strange saleslady calls you "dear," while waiting on you.

The stalling piece that deceases the

portion and increases the price on the idea of patriotism.

When a wife buys her husband a lovely sofa cushion for his birthday.

When a stranger tells you how much he is respected in his own home town.

The new shining crepe shirtwaiste.

The youthful old lady who hasn't a gray hair in her head.

The lounge lizard who prates about what a grand family he came from.

The small boy who brings home a playmate to help square things.

The individual who congratulates you on what a fine man your grandfather was and wants to borrow five dollars.

The middle aged chap who goes to the circus just to amuse the neighbor's little boy.

The city uplifter who goes to the farmer's wife to tell her how to can fruit.

He who signs a letter "dictated, but not read."

Many a knitting bag carried in public.

The politician who tells newly enfranchised women that his party secured the vote for them.

Public officers sitting in sky-scrapers and telling how they are reducing the cost of living.

The storekeeper who tells you that the thing he is looking for is not being "used this year."

All parasites.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

"BOYS," said Mr. Jarr, as he slipped into Gus's place on the corner and found some of the old guard assembled. Ever since New Year's, when I swore off smoking, I've been so good that it's a wonder I didn't have to hold onto something solid to keep from going right up to heaven. But what's the use of being good if you are NOT happy?"

"You've got your nerve with you!" remarked Mr. John W. Rangle. "The idea of 'you coming in among a bunch of business men of good repute and taking an attitude that implies you are delighted at joining again with evil companions!"

"I don't care what he thinks of me, I'm glad to see him," said Gus. "Yes," said Mr. Jarr, "I'm tired of blue Monday and war talk and knitting and the sugar scarcity and coal famine and high prices and low spirits."

"Sure," said Gus. "I know what he means. He wants to play pinocchio and is giving himself an excuse."

"That's it!" replied Mr. Jarr briskly. "And why is it that we have to always give formidable reasons to explain why we want to do anything we enjoy? If we want to take a little drink we say we do it because we are sick or cold or blue or just to be sociable and so on. It's the same way with any other enjoyment. We always want to prove an alibi on it. But for anything we do not enjoy, from going to places we should go to, being with people we should be with and doing the things we should do, well, I notice we make no excuse about them."

"We use up a lot of valuable time, though," suggested Mr. Rangle. "But if pinocchio is wicked or not, it's economical. Suppose you are addicted to playing polo. You have to keep a stable of polo ponies, with grooms and trainers, and you must belong to a swell polo club and pay your own travelling expenses from Florida to California, and then to Hempstead, New York. And the travelling expenses of your stable of ponies!"

"Not since the war," said Mr. Jarr, interrupting. "Everything is different since the war. Even I-see newspapers are now 2 cents."

"Pinocchio is still the same cheap and durable enjoyment, however," remarked Rangle. "The builder, 'Gus, give us the cards!'"

Gus brought out a pinocchio deck that looked as though it had been in

the trenches. There was immediate protest.

"All right," said Gus, "your own way have it! But an old deck costs you nothing, and a new deck costs you 50 cents."

"A quarter!" protested the others. "Never more than a quarter, and they only cost you 10 cents, at that!"

"They used to cost me 10 cents," said Gus. "But now cards is gone up on account of the high cost of charging for everything. Even re-wolfers and poison and everything poor people could use these days is gone up in price. I forgot what I paid for that pinocchio deck, and if I didn't forget you wouldn't believe me, so it's 40 cents, or use the old fella."

"By George!" exclaimed Mr. Rangle. "What are the industrious poor to do if pinocchio decks, a necessity of life, have gone up 40 per cent in price? At least I suppose its 60 per cent. Why, the National Casket Company!"

"Never mind the National Casket Company, or the National Biscuit Company, or the National League, or any other of those sporting associations," said Mr. Jarr. "Are we or are we not going to play pinocchio?"

"Pronounced 'pin-ku-kle.'" "Sure, we are!" said Rangle. "Pinocchio is the poor man's pastime, and I read where my old friend Charlie Schwaab, the steel magnate, says the whole world will be changed by the war. He says the working classes will rule."

"It'll be glad of it," remarked Mr. Jarr. "If Trotsky could do it in Russia, I can do it here."

"You!" cried Mr. Rangle with sarcastic inflection. "Me! When it comes to this Bolshevik stuff, I'll be the old original Bolshevik weevil! And he broke open the new pinocchio deck and began to deal to the others of the proletariat."

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.
JOHN FITCH, inventor of one of the first steamboats, was born in East Windsor, Conn., and founded the first steamship company in 1790. He was an armorer during the American Revolution.

In 1792 he constructed a steamboat, and later built another, which was propelled by six paddles on each side. Fitch convinced several Philadelphia capitalists that his boat could be made commercially profitable, and a company was formed to run the steam packet on the Delaware River. For a short time Fitch's steam craft made regular trips between Philadelphia and Trenton, but the venture was carried on at a loss, and the first steam transportation proved a failure. Fitch later went to France to start a similar project, but there too he met only with discouragement. It remained for William Symington in Scotland and Robert Fulton in America to demonstrate the practicability of steam navigation.

Americans Under Fire

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

No. 66—THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

YOU have read in this series of how Zachary Taylor, at the head of a pitifully small force, thrashed a Mexican army three times the size of his own, early in 1846, and invaded Northern Mexico.

In spite of later reinforcements the grim old soldier had less than 7,000 men in all. With this puny force he undertook to thrash the veteran armies of Mexico on their own ground, and to seize every stronghold and fortified city in his path.

It was a task absurdly impossible to achieve. Mexico knew that. Everybody knew it. Everybody except old Zachary Taylor himself. And, because he could not be made to understand the meaning of the word Failure, he and Failure never met.

It was in May of 1846 that Taylor crossed the Rio Grande, seizing Matamoros, and beginning his hotly contested march into the very heart of Mexico. It was late in August that he came to the supposedly impregnable fortress-city of Monterey. Taylor had with him only 6,825 men, mostly raw militia. Ten thousand Mexican regulars, under Gen. Ampudia, defended the city.

Monterey's hills bristled with Mexican batteries. Its walls were heavily guarded. The whole surrounding hill-country swarmed with Mexican guerrillas and hostile peasants.

Taylor, on Sept. 9, encamped three miles from the city, and spent the night in reconnoitering and in completing his plans for storming the place. The Mexican army, safe behind its walls and batteries, waited in scornful amusement for the pitifully small force of Yankees to advance and be cut to pieces.

It was on Sept. 19 that Taylor began his assault. He sent Gen. Worth with a militia division to march around a fortified hill crowned by a bishop's palace, and to clear away the enemy's batteries from the Saltillo Road, behind the hill.

The main body of the army was moved forward at the same time to throw up earthworks directly in front of the Mexican left end center. This latter advance was made by night. By morning the American earthworks were ready and the American batteries in position there.

At dawn Taylor opened an artillery fire on the city. From the citadel and other high forts the Mexicans cannon responded, and a fierce artillery duel began. Ampudia had expected something of this kind, and he was ready for it. He knew the light American field pieces could never batter down the Monterey walls. He prepared for a comfortable long-range artillery battle.

Taylor, however, had planned something quite different. While his cannon were hammering at the Mexicans' centre and left he sent Gen. Quitman to storm the strongest and most dangerous of the enemy's hill batteries. While Quitman's brigade was doing this (with much difficulty but with final success), another American contingent forced its way into the lower part of the city, and Gen. Butler, with the First Ohio Regiment, fought a bloody path into Monterey from another quarter.

Meantime Gen. Worth had cleared the Saltillo Road of the foe and turned the captured Mexican guns against Bishop's Palace Hill. A half day's bombardment, followed by an irresistible charge, brought Worth's men to the summit of the hill, and sent its defenders flying.

Though the outworks were taken, as well as half the city, yet the fighting was by no means done. The houses of Monterey were of thick stone. Every house was a miniature fort, full of desperately battling Mexican soldiers.

Thus Taylor's men were obliged to fight their way, step by step, house by house, for nearly four days before the last resistance was crushed. By daylight, Sept. 24, the citadel alone held out. And during the morning that daylight, Sept. 24, the citadel alone held out. And during the morning that daylight, Sept. 24, the citadel alone held out.

The whole city was now in Taylor's hands—at a cost in killed and wounded of 488 Americans. Its thrashed defenders feared a massacre. But Taylor was not a murderer. He forbade his men to kill or to loot. He even let the surrendered Mexican army march out of Monterey with "honors of war."

Guns of Enemy Are Taken.
Taylor, on Sept. 9, encamped three miles from the city, and spent the night in reconnoitering and in completing his plans for storming the place. The Mexican army, safe behind its walls and batteries, waited in scornful amusement for the pitifully small force of Yankees to advance and be cut to pieces.

It was on Sept. 19 that Taylor began his assault. He sent Gen. Worth with a militia division to march around a fortified hill crowned by a bishop's palace, and to clear away the enemy's batteries from the Saltillo Road, behind the hill.

The main body of the army was moved forward at the same time to throw up earthworks directly in front of the Mexican left end center. This latter advance was made by night. By morning the American earthworks were ready and the American batteries in position there.

At dawn Taylor opened an artillery fire on the city. From the citadel and other high forts the Mexicans cannon responded, and a fierce artillery duel began. Ampudia had expected something of this kind, and he was ready for it. He knew the light American field pieces could never batter down the Monterey walls. He prepared for a comfortable long-range artillery battle.

Taylor, however, had planned something quite different. While his cannon were hammering at the Mexicans' centre and left he sent Gen. Quitman to storm the strongest and most dangerous of the enemy's hill batteries. While Quitman's brigade was doing this (with much difficulty but with final success), another American contingent forced its way into the lower part of the city, and Gen. Butler, with the First Ohio Regiment, fought a bloody path into Monterey from another quarter.

Meantime Gen. Worth had cleared the Saltillo Road of the foe and turned the captured Mexican guns against Bishop's Palace Hill. A half day's bombardment, followed by an irresistible charge, brought Worth's men to the summit of the hill, and sent its defenders flying.

Though the outworks were taken, as well as half the city, yet the fighting was by no means done. The houses of Monterey were of thick stone. Every house was a miniature fort, full of desperately battling Mexican soldiers.

Thus Taylor's men were obliged to fight their way, step by step, house by house, for nearly four days before the last resistance was crushed. By daylight, Sept. 24, the citadel alone held out. And during the morning that daylight, Sept. 24, the citadel alone held out.

The whole city was now in Taylor's hands—at a cost in killed and wounded of 488 Americans. Its thrashed defenders feared a massacre. But Taylor was not a murderer. He forbade his men to kill or to loot. He even let the surrendered Mexican army march out of Monterey with "honors of war."

Guns of Enemy Are Taken.
Taylor, on Sept. 9, encamped three miles from the city, and spent the night in reconnoitering and in completing his plans for storming the place. The Mexican army, safe behind its walls and batteries, waited in scornful amusement for the pitifully small force of Yankees to advance and be cut to pieces.

It was on Sept. 19 that Taylor began his assault. He sent Gen. Worth with a militia division to march around a fortified hill crowned by a bishop's palace, and to clear away the enemy's batteries from the Saltillo Road, behind the hill.

The main body of the army was moved forward at the same time to throw up earthworks directly in front of the Mexican left end center. This latter advance was made by night. By morning the American earthworks were ready and the American batteries in position there.

At dawn Taylor opened an artillery fire on the city. From the citadel and other high